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The Herald, July 19, 1890

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The Herald.

VOL. 11.

CEDARVILLE, OHIO, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1890

NO. 24.

THE HERALD.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1890.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r.

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

Miss Ola Lott is visiting friends near Peebles Station Adams county this week.

The first blackberries of the season were shipped here from Summit hill, Ross county on Tuesday last.

Miss Grace Randall who has been visiting friends in Bellefontaine for some time past returned home Wednesday.

Hon. Andrew Jackson was in Cleveland this week assisting the State in nominating their state ticket for the coming campaign.

The thirteenth annual session of the Ohio Conference Camp Meeting will be held on their grounds near Washington C. H. commencing July 31 continuing until the 10th of August.

Lost in Cedarville, on Saturday, a ladies' gold watch with "Altie Corry" engraved on inside and "Altie" on outside of case. Leave at the Herald office and receive liberal reward.

Dr. C. W. King, who was appointed superintendent of the Dayton Insane asylum last April, and who assumed the position this week, is a brother of Mrs. Keck, formerly of Cedarville. Dr. King has held the same position before.

The new Farmers' Institute law, passed last April which provides that the payment of the expenses shall fall upon the state, makes it necessary, if all Institute associations and Farmers' clubs wish to avail themselves of this law, to reorganize and adopt bylaws in accordance with the instructions sent out by the state board of Agriculture. Not more than three institutes will be allowed in each county.

Al. Wickersham, of Jamestown, has been at work again this year building. This time it is an addition to the Wickersham Hotel of that place, adding several sleeping apartments and making many other improvements. A. T. Gross, the landlord, would not be outdone and has refitted the entire building with new furniture and now has one of the finest hotels in southern Ohio.

Mr. Cavenaugh, the genial proprietor of the ice-cream parlors on south Main street, seeing the Herald scribe and his perspiring niece, who had been house-hunting all day called us in and cooled our parched tongues with as delicious a dish of ice-cream as we have tasted for some time. We owe Mr. Cavenaugh a vote of thanks.

W. J. Smith can attest to the value of printers ink. The first of last week he lost part of a watch chain which he valued very much, and after searching in vain for it put an ad. in last week's Herald. As soon as the paper made its appearance he went home and found the missing chain secreted in a tide which was hanging on the back of his favorite rocking chair.

A man who is musically inclined is generally heard singing a song, adapted to the peculiar mood he may be in mentally at the time. As an illustration we would suggest that those who wish to convince themselves on this subject, to stop and listen with what gusto our genial friend Hugh Stormont is continually singing the chorus of "Little Anna Rooney."

The farmers of this vicinity will meet at the Mayor's office Saturday afternoon, August 2, at 3 o'clock for the purpose of organizing a Farmers Alliance and appointing delegates to attend the Farmers Convention to be held at Columbus August 13th. The projectors of this movement desire every farmer to be present.

The A. M. E. Sunday School spent last Thursday among the cliffs at Clifton.

Will W. Brown, a young man of Chillicothe who was tendered an appointment as Cadet at West Point by Congressman Pugsley, was refused admission to that institution for the reason that he had been for four years a confirmed cigarette smoker. He passed the mental examination all right. The theory is that the practice occasions heart trouble which is liable to take an organic shape at any time.

George McGlellan met with an accident last Saturday which terminated less seriously than was at first supposed it would. He had been loading hay on a wagon and some way missed his footing and fell to the ground, his fall leaving him senseless for a time. A physician was sent for and it was supposed he had sustained internal injury, but such was not the case and a few days rest was sufficient to put him on his feet again.

TRANSFERS OF REAL ESTATE.

Margaret Wilson to Matthew Wilson, 47 acres, Ross, \$1,645.

Moses Miller to Rebecca Miller, quit claim to 4 acres, Beaver creek, gift.

Uriah Wilson to Margaret and Edward Searl, 384 acres, Bath, \$2,000.

M and E Searl to Peter Lang, 60 acres, Bath, \$1,700.

Jos. A. Jackson to Mahala Jackson, 63, 27 acres, Jefferson, \$1,50.

C. L. Spencer, receiver of Allison & Townsley, to John Rogers, lots 1 and 2, Weatherholtz's add. to Xenia, \$1,200.

Sheriff to Cynthia Daughtery, w. 1/2 lot 70, Xenia, \$2,170.

C. L. Spencer, ex. of Lucinda Baker, to Chas. R. Wilson, lot 17 D & N's add to Xenia, \$150.

Arthur O'Leary to Fielding Dunbar, 4 1/2 acres, Miami, \$226.

NEW TRANS-CONTINENTAL ROUTE

Via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and the Northern Pacific R. R.

Commencing Sunday, June 15, '90 there will be established a through line of first-class vestibuled Pullman sleeping cars running daily between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Helena, Montana, Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, Washington, and Portland, Oregon, making the fastest time to and from all points on Puget Sound and the North Pacific Coast, and affording an excellent through route for passengers destined to California points.

West bound trains will leave Union Passenger Station, corner Adams and Canal streets, Chicago, daily at 5:30 p. m. arriving St. Paul 7:00 a. m., Fargo 4:45 p. m. Helena 1:15 a. m. Spokane Falls 5:00 p. m. Tacoma 10:50 a. m. Seattle 11:45 a. m. Portland 6:30 p. m. These trains will carry all classes of passengers and also provide the finest dining car service between Chicago and the Pacific Coast. Trains of all lines from the East arrive in Chicago in ample time to make connection with the 5:30 p. m. train from Chicago.

In addition to the foregoing, special Pullman sleeping cars for the famous Yellowstone Park will be attached to these trains, thus affording during the summer months a direct through car line to the "World's Wonderland" and the Lake park region of the Northwest. Time 48 hours to Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel.

The advantages to be secured by purchasing through tickets via a route composed of such favorably known and well established lines as the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and Northern Pacific Railways must be apparent to all first class travelers.

For Sleeping car reservations, through tickets, time tables and further information apply at city office of Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry., at No. 207 Clark street or at Union Passenger Station, or address F. A. Miller, Asst. G. P. A., C. & N. P. Ry., Chicago, Ill.

Full line of Cooking Stoves at

CROUSE & BULL'S.

Ice Cream Freezers for sale at

ANDREW BROS.

Beautiful and cheap Pocket Books

At Ridgway's Pharmacy.

Best picket and wire fencing at

MITCHELL'S.

The most complete line of Cutlery

ever seen in Cedarville, at

CROUSE & BULL'S.

A most delightful drink

RIDGWAY'S FRUIT-MIX.

STARTAWAY.

The fashionably bred trotting stallion, Startaway, by Mambrino Startle,

full brother to Majolica (\$2.15) dam

by Red Jim, 2d dam by Blys Whip,

3rd dam by Grey Eagle. Will be at

the stable of James McMillan, two

miles East of Cedarville on Wednesday

of each week.

HUGH HUNTINGTON.

A most healthy Beverage

RIDGWAY'S SODA.

For Milk Pans and Butter crocks,

go to W. R. McMillan's.

Greatly refreshing

RIDGWAY'S CREAM FROST SODA.

You will find a full line of Win-

dow and Door Screens at Mitchell's.

Gasoline Stoves, a fine line, at

CROUSE & BULL'S.

Dried Apples, Peaches, Apricots

and Prunes at GRAY'S.

Hard and Soft refined Sugars at

GRAY'S.

Washington Red Cedar shingles,

are the most profitable to put on and

they can be found at

S. K. MITCHELL & Co's.

Avena, Oatmeal

Cracked wheat

Granulated Hominy

Farine, Patched Farinose at

GRAY'S.

A large quantity of plank and scand-

ling \$1.00 hundred at Mitchell's.

You can always get just what you

want in the meat line, both fresh and

salt, at the lowest prices, at

C. W. CRONKLE'S.

Anything in the Hardware line at

bottom prices at ANDREW & BRO.

Tobacco and Cigars at GRAY'S.

Canned corn, canned tomatoes,

canned peaches, canned blackberries,

&c., at W. R. McMillan's.

Farm Gates at Mitchell's.

Try-Barley Cofee at

W. R. McMillan's.

LAP DUSTERS.

Lap Dusters and Fly Nets, a com-

plete line and at prices to suit the

times at C. L. CHAIN'S.

"THE OLD RELIABLE"

Meat Store of C. W. Crouse may al-

ways be found at the same place deal-

ing out the best meat in the market

at the lowest prices.

Syrup and Molasses at GRAY'S.

2 bars of Soap for 5 cents, 250

tacks for 5 cents, at

W. R. McMillan's.

The finest line of Chamels skin we

have ever shown

RIDGWAY'S PHARMACY.

Cheese, Crackers and Ginger snaps

at GRAY'S.

Our line of General Hardware is

complete. CROUSE & BULL.

Trunks and Valises at

C. L. CHAIN'S.

J. L. Ginn, Jamestown, O., makes a

specialty of first class inside finish. 2d

Highest market price paid for

wheat at ANDREW & BRO.

Wood and Willow ware at

GRAY'S.

A full line of Spectacles at

Ridgway's

SPECIAL SALE!

of

STRAW HATS

In order to close will sell our entire stock of STRAW HATS at one-half regular price. We have a few

"NELLIE BLY HATS"

that we will close at 75 cents. Others from 25 cents up. Call and get a Bargain.

In connection will sell all

Summer Goods

at a great reduction.

J. E. LOWRY.

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

OILS

Engine Oil

Reaper Oil,

Mower Oil,

MACHINE OILS OF ALL KINDS.

Castor,

Lard,

Sperm,

Black and

Neutral Oils, at

RIDGWAY'S PHARMACY.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE HERALD

A cordial invitation is extended to you to examine the elegant

NEW STOCK

being received now. A complete line of fine Dress Suits, all the latest styles, together with every grade of Fine Business Suits, Overcoats, Panting and Gents' fine Furnishing Goods. Our prices, like quality in fine goods can not be excelled.

D. M. STEWART & CO.

We are carrying a full line of the

DOMESTIC AND STANDARD SEWING MACHINES

which we will sell from our office for less money than from the canvassers. Come and examine machines and we will save you money.

D. M. STEWART successor of GEO. H. CRABB.

FAWCETT!

The Xenia Jeweler

Has in stock a fine line of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY and

DIAMONDS!

The finest line of Optical Goods in Greene County. A Specialty made of Brazilian Pebble Spectacles in Gold, Silver and Steel frames. They confer a brilliancy and distinctness of vision, with an amount of ease and comfort, seldom enjoyed by spectacle wearers.

our property to a com-
are taxed for a common
rights, our liberties
children are affected
we ought to have a
management, and if you
the experiment with a
d see what will come of
to this matter of expe-
sult to our civilization
ment that we have not
ingenuity enough to do
is right to do; or that
ical arrangements can
for permitting women
oting as they take part
Why, the thing has
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for twenty years, court
authorities there, and
better record than sub-
southern States or North-
an suffrage is vindic-
act that, while steadily
man has been broaden-
her into new fields,
s—yet in no single in-
ailed to show herself
ask. Reflect upon that
out! If there were this
infiniteness of woman in-
for suffrage; if it were
edient and dangerous
else that function—how
for the fact that what-
you have let her take.

my mind is there no ar-
woman suffrage, but
for it. In the first place,
ion of intelligent
ngmens the body
to believe this, or
eiple of republican gov-
is the strongest and se-
government. I know
a little at universal suf-
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uppress and exclude a
la. The cases which are
ated, may work ruin if
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e danger when all are
e. Suffrage is itself
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the broader basis of
e. In the next place,
of woman has refined
it has been admitted
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homely experience, com-
all confirm this. Wom-
and not debasement and
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ism to vice and violence,
for the securities of
ce, sobriety and order,
d. Woman herself would
e intelligent emancipa-
port and to whatever de-
e its object.

I feel that back of all
past a vote, lies a still
n of social integrity,
not the unrest of a few
s of the movement, but
e moral and intellectual
great body of women who
of life, who toil in shops,
acter and fate are subject
of their circumstances,
attaches to them a badge
riority, of indecency, or
so far hinders their ul-
intellectual self-serve-
woman is under full
hts and of social respon-
will date the era of a
at life, which now some-
be the despair of social

oundless. I have touch-
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e quickest home to it
To sum them up, it is
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al voice in the "adjust-
den. It is despotic and
deny the equal right
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out injuries, distur-
e or political stability.
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or than I have that,
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out early, or rather as
n frozen in.

D THEIR WORK.
four hundred and thir-
e are supported by the
s of the United States

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in the person of Mrs.
recently appointed on
y road.

at it not the very best
s in this country is a
whose wages is \$104 a
stant employment and
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demand.

positors in the largest
in Philadelphia
an authority in such
at by far the greatest
e invested capital in
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HOW I WAS "BURGLED."

The Precautions Taken After the
Thief's Visit.

I live in a suburban villa in the vicin-
ity of London. Mine is one of a row of
detached houses with small gardens,
and fields both front and back. I am
comparatively new to housekeeping,
having lived in chambers until my mar-
riage a few months ago. When we en-
tered into residence we were so full of
the delights of furnishing that we paid
no particular attention to the details of
window and door fastenings. The
former had those little ordinary latches
that are drawn across under a clip and
are known (in the profession) as the
"burglar's joy." Their flimsy character
excited no special emotion in our inex-
perienced and ingenious minds. We
supposed that they were like other peo-
ple's fastenings; the same bullock had
put up the entire row of houses, and all
were occupied by tenants who, if they
had any fear of burglars, kept those
latches to themselves. The back door
had rather rickety bolts, it struck us; but,
on the other hand, the front door—the
burglar's favorite entrance, as every one
knows—was massively barred, chained
and double-locked. So we possessed our
souls in a sense of security, and even
joked about the possibility of the mid-
night prowler making a descent upon
us. For a time we even took our valu-
ables—including a collection of very su-
perior electroplate—up to our bedroom
every night. There was nothing like
proper precaution, as my wife sagely
remarked. After a while we got to let
the cook take charge of the "silver."
This she did satisfactorily enough until
the continued absence of burglars lulled
her spirit into a state of happy obli-
vion of the predatory tribe. Rumors
of housebreaking at a distance occa-
sionally reached us, but they affected
us no more than do the obituary notices
of people we don't know. All we did
was to talk vaguely of getting a dog.

This was the sleep; presently came the
awakening. One fatal Monday morn-
ing our marital slumbers were disturbed
at seven a. m. by the cook rushing into
our bedroom, and with pallid cheeks,
dilated eyes and disheveled locks,
crying: "Oh, m'm, there's been robbers
in the house!"

In less time than that brief pe-
riod popularly known as a "jiffy" my
wife and I reached the scene of the
catastrophe. Never shall I forget the
spectacle that met our gaze. The vil-
lain had apparently confined his depre-
dations to the kitchen, but there he had
wrought fearful havoc. All the doors
of the cupboards, all the drawers of the
sideboards were wide open, and such of
their contents as had been left were
strewn upon the floor. On the rug were
fragments of cold rabbit pie and coco-
nut cake, apparently cast there out of
pure superfluity of naughtiness. On
the table were the pie dish, and cake
plate, both empty. There also stood a
glass and jug from which the ruffian
had evidently been drinking beer. Hard
by were some half-burned Lucifer
matches and a few shreds of tobacco,
showing that he had finished up com-
fortably with a smoke. Both the
kitchen windows and that of the scul-
lery were wide open—a fact which
thrust itself upon our outer conscious-
ness, for the morning was raw and
damp and we were thinly clad.

When we had recovered sufficiently
to take note of our actual losses, then
indeed the iron entered our souls. Wed-
ding presents are not always a source
of unqualified pleasure to either donors
or recipients. The former frequently
regard them as a little better than a tax
levied by custom; the latter occasion-
ally feel that Aunt Jane and Cousin
Peter might have done the thing rather
more handsomely while they were about
it. But it is astonishing what a won-
derful affection one feels for wedding
presents when they have been stolen.

As we looked for this gift and that,
and found them not, the most tender
chords were touched. I remember hav-
ing thought Uncle Sniffin's pair of
plated snuffers rather a poor gift, for he
is something considerable in the city.
But now that the accustomed peg knew
them no more, I saw those snuffers in
a new light. I thought how uncle had
probably walked miles to get them—he
was greatly addicted to a second-hand
shop in the Mile End road—and a soft-
ened sadness stole over me, and I
longed to grasp his honest hand and
hint at his buying us another pair. My
wife bore the trying ordeal of seeking
and finding not bravely enough until
she made one dreadful discovery. Then
she broke down, and, flinging herself
on my breast, exclaimed through her
tears: "O dearest, the wretch has actu-
ally helped himself to some of our
wedding cake!"

We communicated immediately with
the police, who evinced the greatest in-
terest in the affair. The Inspector
called, so did two sergeants, so did the
constable who patrolled our beat in the
day-time, likewise the officer who per-
formed a similar duty at night. Indeed,
as our fame spread abroad, policemen
of varying grades from outlying dis-
tricts paid us visits, looked at the prom-
ises, questioned the gardener, shook
their heads mysteriously and then
thanked me kindly, and said they would
have a drop of whisky and a cigar. I
think the force belonging to the entire
neighborhood will always recall my
burglary with pleasurable emotions.

Eventually my burglar was captured,
and I had the pleasure of a personal in-
terview with him. He was a thick-
set young fellow with a not unpleasing

air of melancholy about him. By pro-
fession he was a shoe-maker—that is to
say, he professed to follow that calling;
but the pair of boots he made for his
solicitor (who represented him at the
trial) were a misfit, and were actually
being touched up at the moment he was
arrested. In some respects he was a
man of careful and providential habits;
he banked at the postoffice (£11 9s stood
to his credit when he took my spoons),
and he kept a diary. In the latter
were artless references to certain "calls"
he had made, and particularly "remem-
brances" he had taken away with him.
Joe—for so he was familiarly addressed
by the police, who boasted quite a nod-
ding acquaintance with him in "private
life"—was rather offended when I asked
if he had experienced much difficulty in
getting into my house. "Why," he
said, "to crack a crib like yours is as
easy as kissing my hand." He further
explained that he took the servant's
stockings from the dresser drawer merely
to put the knives and forks in. He had
also taken a volume of culinary recipes.
"My missis ain't much of a cook," he
said to me half apologetically. The
whole plunder he had wrapped up in
my Inverness cape, and he actually
used to wear that garment not a mile
from my house when passing the bad
money for which he was primarily nab-
bed! Had I met the rascal in the street,
with what a start of surprise should I
have recognized the cloak.

I asked him if he usually had a bit
and sup in the houses he visited.
"Yes," he said, confidentially, "you
usually feels a bit down when you've
finished a job." "Poo! fellow, he dines
on skilly now, for he got seven years."
Perhaps I need scarcely add that my
house is now a sort of combination of
fortress and arsenal. I have had the
kitchen and scullery windows barred,
and the other windows secured with
heavy shutters. Strong bolts have been
fixed on the passage side of the drawing
and dining-rooms, so that if either of
these were entered from without the
sphere of operations would be confined
to that one room. Then, on all the
back doors I have fixed bells and
springs. In the passage I every night
chain up a large and savage dog. I have
purchased a double-barrel gun and a re-
volver, and with the latter I practice at
a target on the wall, and am now so
skilful that I never by any chance miss
the wall. And when at night we retire
to rest, my wife leading the way, the
cook following with the plate and I,
last armed to the teeth—well, really, I,
sometimes almost wish that a burglar
would pay us another visit.—St. James's
Budget.

Rains in the Algerian Desert.
Deluging rains have lately fallen in
the Algerian desert, transforming it into
a series of lakes and torrents, according
to the account of "Annals of the Ex-
treme East." Laghouat is threatened
with an inundation as great as that of
1881, which included the town and some
miles around it. A French traveler who
ventured from Laghouat to Biskra
writes that Mزاب is inundated, as well
as the oases of Ouargla and of Tuggurt.
It rains there continually. The journey
was very difficult, above all in the low
places where immense expanses of
water fed by the rain made crossing
dangerous. As in 1881, when the church
of Laghouat and two hundred houses
built of bricks baked in the sun (rangs)
were softened and fell, a great number
of houses are reduced to the condition
of masses of mud. The traveler above
mentioned found a negro village com-
pletely dissolved and having the ap-
pearance of small heaps of clay. The
cadi's home, better built than the rest,
alone remained standing. All the popu-
lation were "camping out."—Demor-
est's Magazine.

Nevada's Salt Mountains.
The salt mountains located on the
banks of the Rio Virgin, an affluent of
the Colorado river in Lincoln County,
Nev., cover an area of twenty-five miles.
The salt they contain is pure and white
and clearer than glass, and it is said
that a piece seven or eight inches thick
is sometimes clear enough to see through
to read a newspaper. Over the salt is a
layer of sandstone from two to eight
feet thick, and when this is torn away,
the salt appears like a huge snowdrift.
Under the cap rock has been discovered
what was evidently the camp of pre-
historic men, containing charred wood
and charcoal and matted made of cedar
bark, which the salt has preserved.—N.
Y. Ledger.

Carrying Grains of Rice.
My attention was called recently to a
curiosity which is to be seen in an
establishment on Wall street, New
York, where rice is the single commod-
ity dealt in. This consists of two grains
of rice in the hull, upon each of which
is carved the figure of a Chinese god.
Though the space covered is very
minute for such figures; they are
plainly discernible, and show marvel-
ous skill and patience on the part of
the Japanese carvers who executed
them. Curiosity is naturally aroused
as to how such small particles were kept
in position, and what sort of tools were
employed in doing the work.—Brooklyn
Standard Union.

Melancholy Da.
Bob Easy—Cheer up, Jack. You
shouldn't borrow trouble.
Jack Short—Humph! It's the only
thing my credit is good for.—Puck.

A captain in a regiment was asked
why he was so bald. He replied (the
Duke of York being present): "By
junior officers stepping over my head."
The Duke immediately promoted him.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

TEMPERANCE REFORM.

A Plan Which If Properly Carried Out
Would Accomplish Wonders.

If there were no dram-drinkers there
could be no saloons; therefore dram-
drinkers are responsible for all the evil
done by saloons—and more. Every
man and woman who uses intoxicating
liquor of any kind as a beverage, no
matter where, or in what amount, is a
dram drinker, and shares this responsi-
bility. Every purchase is a direct con-
tribution to the treasury of the liquor
power, every known indulgence
strengthens the sentiment that sustains
and spreads the habit; and its potency
for evil is greatest when the example is
set by those who move in the higher
circles of society and are able to exer-
cise self control. The drink habit is a
fountain of woes for which saloons are
reservoirs and conduits. Destroying
reservoirs may deflect or diminish with-
out stopping the stream, but dry up the
fountain and reservoirs and distribut-
ing pipes become useless, and dams and
dikes unnecessary.

A more return to moral suasion
methods will not suffice. The greater
part of the time and money heretofore
devoted to Temperance work has been
wasted. To illustrate: I once heard a
good man, as he dropped exhaustedly
into a chair, inform a committee that he
had been "laboring hard all day for
the cause," and inquiry developed the
fact that his time had been spent
"laboring" with eighteen Temperance
men, two incorrigible dram-sellers and
one drinker. Tens of thousands of
public meetings have been held
with none but Temperance people
in attendance, and consequently no
visible results. It will not do to merely
offer pledges at meetings which drinking
men and women carefully avoid. In
some way it must be ascertained who
these drinkers are, and when they de-
cline to come to us, we must go to them.
Furthermore, and equally important,
we should be careful not to compel them
by demanding greater sacrifices than
are needed.

It is not possible to ascertain who are
for or against a reform by guessing.
Millions of men and women, supposed
by their Temperance friends to be total
abstainers, are in fact tipplers. The
best, if not the only way to properly
prepare for the needed work, is to di-
vide cities, towns and counties into
small districts, and have lists made for
each containing the names of every
resident over ten years old (just as the
politician does with the voters of each
precinct). Then, proclaiming that
the purpose is to make each district as
nearly as possible "solid for total
abstinence," circulate pledges and
check every signer. Many names can
be procured at public meetings, but the
greater number will probably have to
be obtained by personal solicitation.
Separate lists should also be obtained of
the members of all churches, lodges,
and other societies, labor unions, and
employees in large establishments, and
special efforts put forth to make each
body "solid for total abstinence." While
some workers would take
selected names for personal visitation,
others should go systematically from
house to house and shop to shop. Of
course, the names of those who are al-
ready in favor of Temperance, and those
who can be most easily influenced
would soon be secured, and as the
movement progressed, many who
refused at first would decide to "help
make it unanimous," for, when public
sentiment in favor of great humanitarian
movements becomes aroused, and
organized, its power to persuade, con-
vince and awe is tremendous. As the
good work went on, and its results be-
came manifest, the really human souls
that would not be melted by the for-
ent heat of unkindled humanity would
be rare indeed.

At all times, the "Phalanx" idea—
shoulder to shoulder, in hollow squares
about the Nation's homes, with every
weapon leveled at their defiling and de-
stroying foe—should be kept in mind,
and the "Phalanxes" should be com-
posed of "Temperance Volunteers."
To succeed, this holy work must com-
mence in and draw its chief support
from the church, which, to that end,
must first purge itself. Few ministers
have even a faint conception of the num-
ber of tipplers now on their rolls, and,
as the world can not be lifted onto a
higher plane than the church prepares,
the saloon will continue to flourish
until the wine cellars under the church
of God are closed, and the odor of al-
cohol is banished from its sanctuary.

It is admitted that the suggested plan
would require a great deal of work; but
can the desired results be secured with-
less? And are they not well worth what
they would cost? Do we really desire
the redemption of the Nation? If so, our
plans must be as broad as the evil that
we seek to suppress, and, after all, each
set of workers will only have to culti-
vate their own small field. The most
difficult part of the whole business is to
make the start.—Albert Griffin.

THE MIRTH OF MADNESS.

Foolish Persons Who Sacrifice Sobriety
and Reason to Frivolity.

There is a time to laugh, but that
time is not all the time, as some people
seem to suppose. The appetite for
mirth sometimes becomes too strong,
and all sense, sobriety and seriousness
are sacrificed to frivolity. We have no
special liking for long faces or sour
looks, but empty gabble, vain frivolity
and stale and foolish jokes are very
poor substitutes for sober thought and
an earnest life. Men have come to

joke at every thing, public or private,
sacred or profane, divine or devilish.

But life is not a joke, and there is a
mirth which savors of madness. He
who said: "There is a time to laugh,"
saw the time when he said that "laugh-
ter is mad." There is an intoxication
of mirth which forbids all serious
thought and prevents all serious action;
and there are times when something is
needed besides mockery and revelry.

It is stated that when ill-fated John-
stown was inundated by heavy rains, and
the people had been driven to the second
floor, large numbers of men left their
houses, plundered the saloons of liquor,
and by three o'clock there were nearly
one thousand men drunk and sailing
around the streets sozzled and helpless
that they were unable to save them-
selves, or to care for their families.
When at last the dam burst, and "the
flood came and took them all away,"
the men who were sober and vigilant
had at least a chance for their lives;
but the men who were drunk must of
necessity perish, and their families had
no one to protect and assist them.

We shall find, in the course of our
experience, hours when all our energies,
and all our strength will be required to
resist temptation, stem the tide of pas-
sion, save ourselves from an untoward
generation, and escape the dangers that
surround; and if our lives have been
full of frivolity and vanity and empti-
ness, the jokes and gibes, the mirth and
folly of a life-time, will be poor prepa-
ration for the hour of death, and poor
preparation for the day of judgment.
"Be sober, be vigilant; behold your ad-
versary, the devil, as a roaring lion go-
eth about seeking whom he may de-
vour."—H. L. Hastings.

BRAIN DERANGEMENTS.

The Terrible Effect of Alcohol on the
Reasoning Faculties.

Alcohol seems to have a special af-
finity for the brain. This organ ab-
sorbs more than any other, and its deli-
cate structure is correspondingly af-
fected. The "vascular enlargement"
here reaches its height. The tiny ves-
sels become clogged with blood that is
unfitted to nourish, because loaded with
carbonic acid, and deprived of the
usual quantity of the life-giving oxy-
gen.—Hinton. The brain is, in the
language of the physiologist, mal-
functioned. The mind but slowly ral-
lies from the stupor of the fourth
stage, and a sense of dullness and de-
pression remains to show with what
difficulty the fatigued organ recovers
its normal condition. So marked is the
effect of the narcotic poison, that some
authorities hold that "a once thor-
oughly-intoxicated brain never fully be-
comes what it was before."

In time the free use of liquor hardens
and thickens the membrane enveloping
the nervous matter; the nerve-cor-
puscles undergo a "fatty degeneration";
the blood-vessels lose their elasticity;
and the vital fluid, flowing less freely
through the obstructed channels, fails
to afford the old-time nourishment.
The consequent deterioration of the
nervous substance—the organ of
thought—shows itself in the weakened
mind that we so often notice in a per-
son accustomed to drink, and at last
lays the foundation of various nervous
disorders—epilepsy, paralysis and in-
sanity. The law of heredity here again
asserts itself, and the inebriate's chil-
dren often inherit the disease which he
has escaped.

Chief among the consequences of this
perverted and imperfect nutrition of the
brain is that intermediate state be-
tween intoxication and insanity, well
known as delirium tremens. "It is
characterized by a low, restless activity
of the cerebrum, manifesting itself in
muttering delirium, with occasional
paroxysms of greater violence. The
victim almost always apprehends some
dreadful calamity; he imagines his bed
to be covered with loathsome reptiles;
he sees the walls of his apartment
crowded with foul specters; and he
imagines his friends and attendants to be
fiends, come to drag him down to a
fiery abyss beneath."—Carpenter.

ITEMIZED FACTS.

THE Ohio Knights of Pythias have
amended their constitution to exclude
dealers in intoxicating liquors.

One word—"drink"—explains the
downfall of a once wealthy Pittsburgh-
er who was admitted to the almshouse
last week.

The Lord Mayor of London recently
entertained thirty-seven total ab-
stinence mayors from as many different
cities in England.

Let us take care how we speak of
those who have fallen on life's field.
Help them up—don't heap scorn upon
them. We did not see the conflict; we
do not know the scars.—The Reformer.

If a family begins to sell liquor it
slaughters them like sheep and the
family runs out of existence generally
in about two generations. If the fam-
ily buy liquor they become intem-
perate, dishonest, idle and diseased in some
members of the household.

INDIAN AGENT SHULER, of the White
Earth agency, says: "Fourteen Indians
under my charge have been traveling
with the Wild West show and have
come back worthless vagabonds, whose
principal desire is to live in idleness
and gain a living by trafficking in
whisky."

A crooner at Helgate, it is said, had a
spirit license. He has just invited his
two sons to enter into partnership with
him, but both, being staunch abstainers,
refused, until their father consented
to give up the license. After hold-
ing out for some time he has not their
wishes.—Temperance Caterer.

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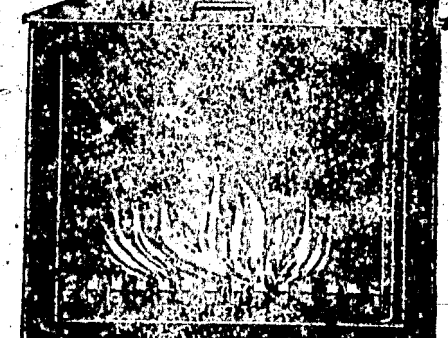
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THE HERALD.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1890.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r.

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

The report that Mrs. Frank Leslie is to marry Marquis de Leville is a canard.

General John C. Fremont, "The Pathfinder," died at his home in New York City last Sunday, at the age of 77 years.

The manner of selecting delegates to attend the Washington C. H. convention did not give the satisfaction throughout the county the Xenia politicians assured certain members of the central committee it would. In fact it was only a scheme of Mr. Little's friends to insure him a solid delegation in the county. Had each township been allowed to select their own delegates Mr. Little would not have received the support of over two townships but with a county primary there was no use of any other candidate announcing himself as tw thirds of the votes cast during this busy season of the farmers, would have been cast in Xenia and Xenia politicians would come out victorious in the end. They now have to think how easily their scheme worked.

Passenger train No 1 from Columbus and a work train on the Midland railroad collided about three miles beyond Madisonville at 7 o'clock Sunday morning. Both engines were demolished and the mail car of the passenger engine was completely telescoped. The passenger engine, when the collision occurred, was reared into the air and came down standing in an almost upright position, facing the other. The tender of both engines were smashed all to pieces and thrown from the track but all the remainder of the trains stuck to the rails in spite of the fearful shock of the collision. When it became apparent that the trains were fated to come together Engineer Thomas Michaels and the fireman of train No. 1 jumped, but Engineer Cook of the work train stayed with his engine and was caught between the boiler and water-tank. Engineer Michaels states that his train ran over and killed a boy on Clark's Trestle, just west of New Vienna, and later at Martinsville killed a cow.

We are more than pleased to know that a movement is on foot to once more try for natural gas in this locality. It is true that several holes were drilled in this city a year or two ago without the desired result, and we have been assured that there was probably no gas here in paying quantities, but the fact remains that gas was struck at the paper mill, at the well on the Columbus pike, at Osborn, and at Goss Station and Jamestown, just a few pockets as are found before the permanent reservoirs are struck at Pinedale and all other gas countries. And it is by no means certain that gas will not be found everywhere where these pockets abound, if the right depth is gone at the right point. These pockets as they are called, are not accidents. They are the small reservoirs which have caught the escape from the greater ones, where the gas is generated. It will be seen by this thought that we believe in the theory that gas is undergoing a constant process of generation and is not simply the stored product of a remote age, although some of it may have been stored from that time. Besides geologists are so often badly off in their prognostications that only experiment will do to rely on.—Xenia Gazette.

E. D. Hollriggle and Will Blaine, of Jamestown, were in attendance as witnesses on the case of W. H. Owens vs. Geo. Boyd before Mayor Townsley last Tuesday.

Rev G. C. Kyle and his charming wife called on Mrs. Wilson of cottage 20 on Tuesday. They also made a pleasant visit to this office. We had not met our old friend Kyle since our college days, when we were fellow students, and were delighted to find him in charge of a good church at Major, Neb., and in possession of a wife who will be a true help meet in his good work.—O. S. S. O. Home Weekly.

Council Proceedings.

The city "ands" held a meeting in the council chamber last Monday evening. The members present were Gray, Sweeney, Orr, and McFarland. Mayor Townsley manipulated the gavel. After roll call and the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting, the Mayor called for reports of standing committees. The street committee reported work done repairing streets at different places and recommended the cleaning of the alley in the rear of the Cliff Hotel. They also recommended that a culvert be built near Ervin's lime kiln on Xenia avenue. The fire committee reported engine and apparatus in good order, after which the Mayor's report was read, he reporting fines collected to the amount of \$9.00 and licenses to the amount of \$4.00, making \$7.00 he had paid to the corporation treasurer for which he held his receipts.

The following bills were allowed and ordered paid: J. E. Grindle, services as marshal and fire warden, \$38.83. Jas. Caldwell lighting lamps \$10.00. C. W. Mensur, book case, \$16.50. W. R. Torrence, clerk \$25.00. John McGary, stove for cell \$8.60. A. C. Cline, putting stone over well and laying brick \$4.50. Luther Townsley salary as mayor, fines not paid etc. \$30.60. J. D. Silvey, health officer \$12.50. W. M. Mitchell, same, \$12.50.

LOCALS.

James Ervin visited Xenia last Monday.

Harvest will be over before another week has passed.

Dr. Dent, of Selma, was the guest of Dr. Baldridge last Monday.

Miss Belle Milroy, of Northwood, is visiting Miss Jennie Ervin this week.

The A. M. E. church is trying to raise money to rebuild their church.

Buyers say wheat that is being marketed now is better than at the same time in years.

Will Turbox's youngest child was very sick the first of the week. Cholera infantum.

Prof. J. P. Patterson of Florida, who has been visiting Al. Wier visited Cleveland this week.

The Little Miami railroad company pays \$9,000 into the treasury of Greene county for taxes.

Mesdames George Little and George Shrodes visited relatives in South Charleston this week.

Remember the Jamestown Fair, Aug. 12, 13, 14, and 15. It will come in all its former glory.

There will be no lack of trotting, pacing, and running at the Jamestown Fair Aug. 12, 13, 14, and 15.

A crowd of young folks from here and Clinton will picnic at the Cedarville cliffs on next Thursday.

Mrs. Dr. Baldridge returned home last Tuesday evening after a three weeks visit with friends in Indiana.

J. H. Andrew crippled himself badly this week lifting wheat, and has been compelled to use a cane ever since.

The Y. P. M. S. will have a lawn-fete in the U. P. church yard, Clinton on the evening of July 29. Every body is cordially invited.

The track and grounds at the Jamestown Fair will be in prime condition. Its stalls and stables are among the best on the circuit.

Last Monday Mrs. Gains entertained a number of guests at her residence on South Main street in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Gray, of North Lewisburg.

Messrs Dave and Ed. Aiken who have been visiting Misses Maggie and Hattie McMillan for a few days, re-to their home at Northwood, O., Tuesday.

A. J. McElroy was treated to a surprise last Monday by his children and a few intimate friends, it being the seventy-first anniversary of his birth. An elegant dinner was served.

Charley Turner, a brick mason of Jamestown, who had the contract of building a business block for Mrs. Shuler, skipped out last Saturday night without paying his hands. He had drawn considerably more money than was due him from Mrs. Shuler, besides borrowing money of different individuals about the town. Turner was at one time a resident of Cedarville.

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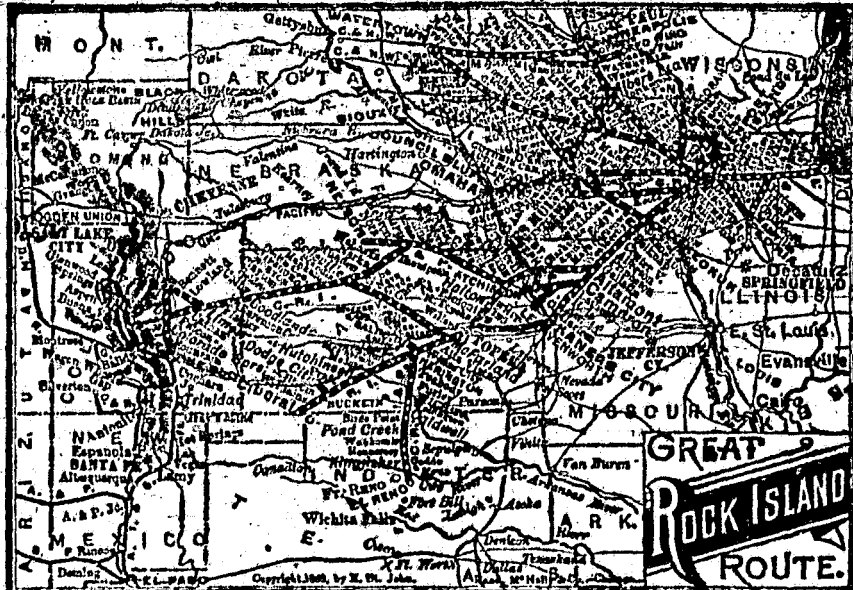
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CEDARVILLE, OHIO.

AWAY.

I can not say, and I will not say,
That he is dead. He is just away!
With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land.
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.
And you—O you, who the wildest years
For the old-time step and the glad return—
Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here;
And joy! still, as he gave the blows
Of his warrior-strength to his country's foes—
Mild and gentle, as he was brave,
When the sweetest love of his life he gave
To simple things—where the violets grew.
Pursing the eyes they were likened to.
The touches of his hands have strayed
As reverently as his lips have prayed;
When the little brown thrush that harshly
Chirped
Was dear to him as the mocking-bird;
And he pitted as much as a man in pain
A withering honey-bee wet with rain.
Think of him still as the same, I say;
He is not dead—he is just away!—Spectator.

A GAME FOR TWO.

Why Mr. Gibson Browne Didn't Go to the Party.

R. AND MRS. GIBSON BROWNE, although sincerely fond of each other, found they had been many months married, that there were various things about which they did not agree.

Hundreds of other young married couples have made the same discovery, and, although it surprised and shocked them, they have been too wise to allow it to wreck the happiness of their married lives.

Mr. and Mrs. Browne were thus wise. They wasted no time in undignified and unprofitable wrangling over their differences of opinion, but neither of them yielded one jot or tittle to the other. They simply kept silent on all topics on which they should disagree.

Happily, also, for them, their differences of opinion were in regard to the minor things of life, and although it is the "little foxes that destroy the vines," their little differences did not destroy their worldly happiness, each of them being blessed with abundant good nature in spite of the firmness of opinion that made them decline to yield one to the other.

Mrs. Gibson Browne was a High Church Episcopalian, while Mr. Gibson Browne was inclined toward Unitarianism, but Mrs. Browne did not become a Unitarian, nor did Gibson renounce his faith and become an Episcopalian—and yet they were happy as married folks.

Mrs. Browne was decidedly opposed to all operas in which there was a ballet, while Mr. Browne was fond of a ballet purely because of the artistic effect it gave to operatic scenes, and he went to the opera whenever he felt like doing so, and did not annoy his wife by telling her any thing about it.

And when Mrs. Gibson wished to do any thing she felt it was perfectly proper for her to, even though Gibson did not approve of it, she simply and quietly did it, and Gibson was none the wiser. There were times when Mr. and Mrs. Gibson Browne exemplified the old adage, "Silence is golden."

One morning, at the breakfast table, Mr. Browne said:

"My dear, don't forget that the Van Horns give their party to-morrow night."

"I remember it," replied Mrs. Browne, without lifting her eyes from her plate.

"What dress shall you wear?"

"I am not going," replied Mrs. Browne, calmly.

"Not going?" Mr. Browne dropped his knife and fork in surprise.

"No, I am not."

"Why not?"

"I have my reasons, Gibson. Rest assured that they are good ones. And I'd rather you didn't go either."

"But I think I shall go, my dear."

"I'd rather you wouldn't."

"I don't see why I shouldn't go."

"Let the fact that I don't wish you to suffice for this once."

For the first time in their married lives, Mr. and Mrs. Browne engaged in a heated discussion. Mrs. Browne firmly refused to give her reason for remaining at home, and as firmly insisted on Mr. Browne remaining with her. There was, in fact, a good deal of firmness on both sides.

Mrs. Browne did not resort to tears; she never did; Mr. Browne did not rage and fume and use ungentlemanly language; he never did—but their voices grew harder and colder every moment, and as they rose from the table, Mrs. Browne said, decidedly:

"You shall not go, Mr. Browne," to which Mr. Browne replied, with equal decision:

"Indeed, I shall go, Mrs. Browne."

But he went down town in a more uncomfortable frame of mind than he had ever experienced as a married man.

Never before had he seen such a look of firmness on his wife's face, and he knew by this time that Mrs. Browne was a very determined woman. But he was doggedly determined to resist her opposition. He would go to the party.

"I guess she'll hardly hide my dress," he said. "But hanged if I feel like putting it on and marching off before her very eyes. I'm afraid there'll be trouble if I do. But I shall go, sir, I'll do it. We'll have a big laugh over it afterward, although it wouldn't be much of a laughing matter if Mrs. Browne knew I intended doing it. But I'll do it, sure as guns!"

And when Mr. Browne went home to tea the next evening there was tucked away in his vest pocket a little phial containing a colorless liquid he had just purchased at the druggist's.

"She often puts a drop of this in a glass of milk or of water and takes it when she can't sleep of when she has a toothache," he said, "and it never fails to send her right off to sleep. Now, I'll manage to put a few drops of this in her tea to-night. She always lies down for a little while after each meal, and she'll be asleep before ten minutes to-night, and I can dress and be off without those keen eyes of her upon me, and without any disagreeable arguing of the matter, for go I will."

Browne found it easy enough to "doctor" the glass of milk his wife always drank at the tea-table, and, according to her usual custom, Mrs. Browne lay down on a sofa immediately after tea, and, as Browne had predicted, she was soon fast asleep.

"But hanged if I don't feel mean over it," said Browne, as he sat in his big easy chair looking at her and picking his teeth with the gold and pearl toothpick she had given him only three days before.

"It was taking a mean advantage of the little woman, hanged if it wasn't. Wonder what she'll say when she wakes and finds me gone. She'll be mad enough, no doubt. But I'll teach her that I'm not to be thwarted. It isn't that I care much for the party. I'm tired and sleepy enough to stay at home, but—"

His arms went up over his head, he yawned fearfully, and said to himself: "I must be careful not to yawn at Mrs. Van Horn's ball, and I will if I don't shake off this drowsiness. I've been losing too much sleep of late and—"

He yawned again and again. The paper he had taken up fell from his hands, and his arms dropped listlessly at his side.

The handsome little ebony and gold clock on the mantel was striking ten when Mrs. Browne yawned and opened her eyes to find herself lying fully dressed on the sofa in the dark. She rose slowly, groped her way unsteadily to the mantel in the darkness, found a match, lighted the gas and said to herself as she did so:

"How queer my head feels! Just like it does after I've taken an opiate. Mercy! if it isn't ten o'clock. How could I have slept so long? And Gibson? I feel like a guilty wretch for doing it, but I was determined that he just should not go to that party and—"

"Louise!"

"Why, Gibson?"

His voice sounded thick, and he had both fists thrust into his eyes and was rubbing them as he leaned back in his great easy chair.

"What time is it, Louise?"

"After ten, dear."

"You been asleep all the evening?"

"Yes, have you?"

"I—I guess so, and—why, it's time for the party!"

"It's long past time. It would take you an hour to dress."

Browne sat for a moment staring

blankly at his wife. She had dropped suddenly into a chair and was staring as blankly at him.

"See here, Louise."

"See here, Gibson."

"Did you dare to—"

"Did you dare to—"

"Give me an opiate?"

"Give me an opiate?"

"Yes, I did."

"So did I."

For a full minute they stared at each other, and then both burst into a ringing laugh.

"But don't you dare tell it to anybody, Gibson."

"And don't you breathe a word of it, Louise."

"I? Never fear."

"I shall keep mum enough about it."

Nevertheless I know all about it, and so do you.—Zenas Lane, in Yankee Blade.

AMERICA'S EMERY MINE.

How the Valuable Ore Is Prepared For the Markets of the World.

The quaint little town of Chester, Mass., nestled among the Berkshire hills, claims the only emery mine in the United States. It hardly seems credible that seven hundred feet within the heart of the fair green hills men were blasting and picking at the ore which supplies this country and other parts of the world with emery. The company interested calls itself the "Hamplien Emery & Corundum Company," and has invested a large amount of capital, which is yielding the members a fortune. When this mine was opened, fifteen years ago, it was to procure iron, and the presence of emery was not suspected. This venture did not prove profitable to the owners, and as an experiment a specimen of the ore was sent to Boston to a mineralogist, who analyzed it and discovered a large proportion of emery. They then sold out to the present company, who have taken out immense quantities of ore and milled it for market. The process is interesting.

The ore is taken from the mine in pieces about six inches in diameter. It is then put into what are called crushers, two large stones worked by machinery, which come together with such force that the ore is broken and falls down into a receiver. Three grades of crushers are used, one after the other, until the ore is reduced to a coarse sand. Then it is put between rollers and powdered as fine as meal. The next process is the washing, which is done in a sort of centrifugal way which keeps the mixture of powder and water in constant motion. The refuse and dirt rises to the top, while the powder sinks. This process goes on for twelve hours. It is then taken out by shovel-like heaps of black mud. This substance is put into drying pans, which are arranged over steam pipes, and thoroughly dried. The next process is that of sifting, and the powder is put into sieves of different sized mesh made of a peculiar and expensive sort of silk. They are made on an incline, and kept in constant motion by machinery. All along the long room under the sieves are seen tiny streams of powder dropping into kegs, each stream of different quality. This brings it to the last process, that of separating the iron from the emery. This is accomplished by means of a magnet charged by a dynamo. After the sifting the powder is run into a sort of cylinder and from that it falls through a shaft, and as it falls it is a curious sight to watch the even flow of powder, just so far and then see it divide—the emery flowing on in a straight line, while the iron shoots off toward the magnet and is received in a vessel by itself. Nothing is lost, as the iron is used largely in the manufacture of paints.—Boston Transcript.

THE CUCKOO'S CRY.

It Has Always Been the Subject of Myths and Strange Legends.

But all the while, above the notes of all the other birds, breaking the half-silence when the roost are still, sounds without pause the cuckoo's cry. And now the sound comes nearer, drifting through the green mist of trees far up the valley, though the bird is still unseen. Now he comes in view, flying fast across the orchard. Now he sails overhead, not noticing the figure in the doorway. As he floats over to the great elm close by his voice rises to a perfect shout. He settles in the elm, and calls and calls in loud, clear tones, bowing each time, drooping his wings and tail, and varying now and then his more familiar speech by a muttered scrap from some outlandish tongue. There is already in his voice a suspicion of the "altered tone," which all too quickly will be followed by the silence that so completely removes him from the common ken. There are many places still where it is believed that the cuckoo changes into a hawk in the winter. A Cornish myth relates with all gravity that a cuckoo which had retired to the shelter of a hollow log was roused from its winter sleep when the wood was thrown upon the fire and astonished the company sitting round the hearth by the sudden utterance of its cry. Many things are considered to depend on the circumstances under which the note of this bird is heard for the first time. The Westphalian peasant, for example, rolls over in the grass, that he may be saved from rheumatism for the remainder of the year. To hear it first when you are fasting is considered in many countries as a sign of evil luck. Very widely spread is the belief that if you have silver in your purse at the auspicious moment you will never want for money all the year. Strangest of all, perhaps, is the idea of one of the oldest writers upon natural history. "There is another wonderful thing about the cuckoo," says Pliny, "in whatever place a man is standing when he hears it first, if a line be drawn round his right foot and the mark thus made dug up, no fleas are born where this is scattered."—London Daily News.

Understood the Business.

First dude—How is it that you get invitations to balls, parties, weddings and like festivities?

Second dude—It is the simplest thing in the world, my dear fellow. When I suspect that any of my big-bug acquaintances are going to give a blow-out, I tell them that I shall be out of town. They imagine it is safe to invite me. They do so, and lo and behold, I bob serenely up. Strategy, my boy, strategy!—Texas Sittings.

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CONVERSATION, PARTIES.

A Summer Entertainment of More Than Ordinary Interest.

The tendency for the summer entertainments seems to be toward the development of higher cultivation of the mind, as is shown by the introduction of many forms of amusement which are really intellectual contests, and are successful only when the company is composed of those who read and think, and appreciate every opportunity of gaining knowledge.

One of the newest, and really enjoyable, of these, is the progressive conversation party, which can be given for any number, although twenty, or less, is the number most easily managed.

If you have invited twenty guests have as many chairs, arranged in couples, two behind two, in a continuous line. Connect each by tying a wide ribbon from one to the other, having a different color for each pair. Fasten a blank card to each connecting ribbon by tying it on with very narrow ribbon of the same color.

Prepare, as for progressive euchre; a tally-card for each chair, having attached to it a narrow ribbon of corresponding color. Arrange these on two plates—one for the ladies, the other for the gentlemen.

Now decide on a topic of conversation for each couple, making each quite foreign to the ones nearest it; for instance, if your party will consist of twenty, you might use the following: Music, modern literature, art, popular plays, recent political events, poetry, religious beliefs, summer resorts, electricity, travels.

Now on each card attached to the chairs write the topic intended for that place.

When your guests have assembled let each draw a tally-card and take the seat designated by the color drawn, the ladies sitting on the left of the line, the gentlemen on the right.

The hostess should then tap a bell as a signal that all are ready, the topics cards consulted, and conversation begun. The host and hostess must act as judges, passing up and down the line to criticize, each taking half the line, and must decide who of each couple converses the better.

Ten minutes may be allowed, and, at the expiration of that time the bell rung and conversation cease. The victor then receives a golden star on his or her tally-card, and the vanquished a silver star. Then all must change seats, the ladies going one forward, the gentlemen one backward. This may be continued at the discretion of the hostess, till ten changes have been made, giving each lady a chance to meet in the contest each one of the gentlemen. The one who has the greatest number of gold stars is then declared winner of the prize.

In writing your notes of invitation, give a list of the topics to be used. Your guests will find it the more enjoyable to come with memories freshened up a little, and it will add zest to the contest.—Mrs. E. C. Allis, in Ladies' Home Journal.

HOW SEEDS ARE TESTED.

One of the Branches of Work of the Agricultural Department.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, writing from Washington and detailing the work of the Agricultural Department in sending out seeds, says: All the seeds are tested before being sent out, and the way in which it is done is very curious indeed. Shallow tin pans half full of water are employed, and across these, parallel, are laid thick wires in pairs. Each two wires have a strip of muslin sewn between them, so that when they are laid together across the pan, a fold two inches deep hangs into the water. In this fold all along from one side of the pan to the other seeds are put, and the water, rising by capillary attraction, soaks the muslin and causes the seeds to germinate. The forming roots poke their way in every direction through the muslin, and the plants grow famously. One tin pan two feet long will hold a wonderful number of sprouts, and it is a simple matter to count and find out what percentage of those put in germinate, one fold of muslin being devoted to each kind of seeds. Any seeds that do not prove entirely satisfactory are sent to the gardener of the department, to be tried in earth. Thus Uncle Sam is able to guarantee all the seeds he distributes. The tin-pan idea is a new one. The tin pans are attended to altogether by a pretty enthusiast in petticoats, who thinks it great fun to have a whole botanical garden within half a dozen square feet of room. She does the whole business on a window ledge, and simply in the water that way she has grown beans big enough to eat. And she ate them. Try it for yourself. Use a good-sized tin pan from the kitchen and fix wires and muslin in the way described. Write to the department for the seeds you want and you are all ready to go into business. Own your own kitchen-garden; every city family should have one on the window ledge. Flowers will do as well.

Two-thirds of the \$100,000 worth of seeds go to Congress, each member of which gets about 5,000 envelopes of their yearly. Usually the department sends them off under instructions from the Congressmen. The remaining one-third is distributed by the department as it sees fit. Its generosity is often abused, for people sometimes send as many as a dozen times for seed in one year. As a rule, they get them, for it is the policy of the department to be very amiable and conciliate every body.

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PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Ed Van Metere, an educated Sioux Indian, was lately admitted to practice law before the Dakota circuit courts.

—Chauncey M. Depew was born in Peekskill, N. Y., April 23, 1834. He is of Huguenot descent. He is a graduate of Yale. He was elected to the presidency of the New York Central railroad in 1885.

—Mrs. Martha Lumpkin, of Upson County, Ga., is in her ninety-eighth year and enjoys good health. Her ninety-five years of age she knit sixty-five pairs of socks during the year. She has 400 children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

—Major Robert Stiles, formerly of the Richmond Howitzers, marched in the Lee monument procession arrayed in his own veritable gray jacket and General Robert E. Lee's hat, having sewed upon its front one of the stars from the General's coat-collar.

—The Pittsburgh Commercial-Gazette publishes a list of sixty-five residents of that city whose wealth ranges from \$1,000,000 to \$3,000,000. Away above these figures are Mrs. Mary Schenley, \$30,000,000; Andrew Carnegie, \$25,000,000; J. N. McCullough, \$15,000,000; George Westinghouse, Jr., \$10,000,000; and C. G. Hays, \$5,000,000.

—Stumm is the iron king of Germany. He owns enormous foundries at Neunkirchen, where over 9,000 men are employed. None of his workmen may get married, change their place of residence or join a society without his permission. He gives them good advice in regard to investments, and aids them in many ways. He is a member of the Reichstag, and was ennobled by Kaiser Friedrich.

—Mr. Stanley relates that one day while conversing with a friendly tribe, during his recent travels, one of the chiefs present inquired how many wives he possessed. Upon Mr. Stanley innocently replying that he had none all those present stood up like men and unanimously exclaimed: "What a splendid liar!" They intensely admired the apparent calmness with which he had, as they thought, tried to pass off on them a wondrous traveler's tale.

—Joseph Clark Thom is a young Chinaman who is now entitled to be called Dr. Thom. He took his degree of M. D. at the Long Island Medical Hospital, and held his own with some exceptionally able young men in a class of fifty. He will settle in New York City. He says that he does not expect that he will have much practice among people of his own race; they will seek relief at the hands of Mohr street quacks, just as they have always done.

—Prince Bismarck after passing his state examination in law at the University of Berlin was made official law reporter at one of the courts of that city. But Bismarck, the young law reporter, lacked the discretion and diplomacy of Bismarck the Chancellor. He one day engaged in a wordy war with a certain pig-headed witness and at last threatened the object of his wrath that he would have him kicked out. The judge, however, reproved the young reporter by saying that he attended to the kicking out. "Well," said Bismarck to the objectionable witness, "be careful what you say or I will get the judge to kick you out."

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Teacher—"Go on. What is the next event recorded?" Boy—"I'm tired out, dir. Won't you please let the rest of the history repeat itself?"

—Johnny, do you love your teacher?" Johnny (with a saintly expression)—"Yes! I love all my enemies."

—Van Dorn's Magazine.

—Mrs. Bullion—"Is that coachman of yours a mulatto?" Mrs. Mushroom—"No; he ain't a mulatto. He's the next grade whiter; he's a squadron."

—America.

—Cumso (reading)—"Prof. Blankley is an agnostic." Mrs. Cumso—"What a lot of diseases that man has! I read the other day that he was a dyspeptic."—Harper's Bazar.

—Clara—"How deliciously fresh and pure and clear the landscape looks this evening!" Flora—"Ya-as. I just read that some Pinkerton detectives are scouring this part of the country."—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

—Nephew—"Why, uncle, I thought aunt was coming with you." Uncle—"Yes, she was; but we could only scrape up money enough to get out ticket. She said she could not come without me, and that's why she didn't come."

—West Shore.

—First servant—"How do you like your new place?" Second servant—"I don't like it at all." "What is the matter? Do they treat you rudely?" "Oh, no; but they talk so loud that I can hear every word they say without having to listen, and I ain't used to that."

—Texas Sittings.

—"What are your charges, doctor?" "My terms are three dollars a visit, madam." "Is that for both the rheumatism and malaria?" "Yes." "Well, times are hard and money does not fetch the interest it used to. Suppose you let the rheumatism stand and cure only the malaria?"—Jury.

—McMullen—"Begor, I'll never grow at a two-dollar poll-tax again. Here's every Frenchman in France has to pay twenty-five dollars a year. How's that for a tax?" Rounder—"Ain't you mistaken, Mack? It's only foreigners that are to be taxed that way." McMullen (scoffingly)—"Well, if a Frenchman isn't a furrier, what's he?"—Lawrence American.

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THE HERALD.

INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1890.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r.

PRICE \$1.05 PER ANNUM.

Mrs. Jno. Bradfute is recovering from her recent illness.

Mrs. Wiley Jeffery is still quite sick but is able to set up now.

Mr. R. Kenedy who lives south of Cedarville is very sick this week.

Mrs. Stahl, of Dayton, who has been visiting Mrs. H. A. Alexander is quite sick.

There has been a change in the time of the trains on the Pan Handle to take effect Monday.

A freight train cut short the lives of three fine pigs belonging to Con. Sweeney last Tuesday.

Mr. Chas. T. Cahill through his attorney Hamilton Smith, filed a petition for divorce yesterday.

The one year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Bird has been very ill this week with cholera infantum.

James Harbison, who has been in Colorado the past three or four months for the benefit of his health, returned home yesterday.

Misses Stella Barber and Anna McMillen will spend a few days at Lakeside where they have rented a cottage for a short time.

Mrs. H. P. Jackson of Greenfield Ohio, who has been visiting friends and relatives in Cedarville this week returned home Thursday.

The Rev. J. H. Hector, the colored orator of California of national reputation, will address the people of Greene county at the court house, Xenia, Friday July 25th at 7:30 p. m. on the prohibition of the liquor traffic.

The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held Thursday the 24th inst. at 2 p. m. The day has been changed in order to give time to prepare for the coming Agricultural Fair at Jamestown.

Mr. O. W. Randall of Anderson Indiana, can truly exclaim "Veni, vidi, vici," for as a result of his visits here, he next week robs Cedarville of one of her handsomest young ladies. We hope to be able to particularize next week.

The theme for discussion at the Methodist church tomorrow morning at 10.45 o'clock will be "The race problem of the South." Epworth League holds its service at 7.45 p. m. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all.

What might have terminated in a fearful, if not fatal accident, occurred last Monday morning at the Main street crossing. Rom. Murray was standing near the track as the locomotive of the west-bound freight came along slowly. He attempted to step upon the cow-catcher, but his foot slipped, throwing both limbs underneath; by a superhuman effort he managed to keep his feet from dragging—that and the motion of the locomotive undoubtedly saved his life. A number of bystanders called loudly and attracted the attention of the engineer who reversed his engine and jumped off to assist young Murray in extracting himself from his perilous situation and also attempted to apply corporal punishment for such wilful disobedience of the company's rules. Young Murray avoided, by running, this additional reminder of his carelessness and left the scene a wiser and badly scared young man. Although a railroader Murray had no business around the locomotive and should feel very grateful that he got off so easily, since his criminal carelessness was allowed to go unpunished.

DEADLY GASOLINE.

Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Ridgway Badly Burned.

The Gasoline Ignites While Filling a Stove

And Nothing But the Timely Assistance of Her Husband Saves Mrs. Ridgway's Life

A terrible accident, a result of the deadly gasoline stove occurred here Thursday evening which, but for the timely assistance of her husband, would have cost Mrs. Ridgway her life. She had been in the kitchen filling the tank of her gasoline stove when in some way the gasoline ignited, and some falling on her she was enveloped in flames in a moment. She ran shrieking into her husband's store and from there to Kerr's grocery, where Mr. Ridgway followed her and succeeded in putting out the flames but not until he was badly burned about his hands. It is said his injuries are as great about his hands as is Mrs. Ridgway's. Her burns do not stop there for her arms are badly burned, while her neck and face are in a bad condition though not so great as to leave a disfiguring scar. Drs. Stewart and Baldrige were both summoned and attended to the dressing the wounds of Mrs. R. and trying to allay her sufferings which was painful in the extreme. Yesterday though much better the sufferings of both were intense.

Immediately after the accident a telephone message was sent to Mr. Ridgway's mother at Yellow Springs and in less than an hour she and her daughter were here rendering what assistance was needed.

Ten lives were lost and King's station is in ruins and besides nineteen persons are seriously injured, all through carelessness. Last Tuesday evening while switching freight cars on to the side track they were allowed to strike too hard against a car loaded with 800 kegs of gun powder, and the concussion was so great as to cause the powder to explode, razing every house in the village and setting fire to the Peters Cartridge works which stood near by, as it did all other buildings in the vicinity, and nothing is now left to show but a few ashes and charred pieces of timbers.

Miss Mary M. Leary, after an illness of about two years, died at the home of her mother, on Xenia avenue Thursday afternoon. While Miss Leary had been affected with cancer for several years she was not rendered helpless until about the first of the year, since which time she kept sinking rapidly.

Miss Leary was born in New York City August 25th, 1851 and moved with her parents to Cedarville in 1859 where she has lived ever since. She leaves behind her a mother and two brothers—Henry and John, the former of whom is in California while the latter resides in Springfield. The funeral will occur today, the cortege leaving the house at 9 o'clock a. m. for Xenia, where Father Hochar will conduct the burial services, after which the interment will take place in the Catholic cemetery at that place.

Mr. F. C. Merrell, of the firm of F. C. Merrell & Co., Troy, who is here with a corps of salesmen selling lightning rods, seems very much chagrined that notwithstanding his extensive acquaintance throughout other parts of the county and excellent letters of recommendation Messrs. Arnold and Buzick, his salesmen have with them, the citizens here still look upon them with suspicion. Persons cannot be too cautious with whom they deal, but recommendations right at home should be sufficient. W. L. Clemans cashier of the Cedarville bank and John B. Allen, of the Cit-

izens' bank, Xenia, are personal friends of Mr. Merrell and they cannot speak too highly of that gentleman's high moral standing as well as business qualifications. To show that this firm does not want to take advantage of a customer they do not require any man to sign a contract before doing his work, but will consider a verbal contract sufficient, and if the work when done, does not come up to agreement, they consider it no sale. In that way the purchaser has the advantages all on his side, but Mr. Merrell feels that to be the best, and as a consequence he never leaves a locality with any person in dissatisfaction with the work he does for them.

LOCALS.

Gasoline at Bird's

NOTICE.

Persons having sacks belonging to McDill & Ervin, will please return them at once, as this is the time of year we need them most.

McDill & Ervin.

BLACKBERRIES.

Orders solicited, Berries delivered at Robt. Bird's

CHEAP AS DIRT.

We have a nice line of Factory tin ware that we are almost giving away

CHOUSE & BULL.

NOTICE.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to me will confer a great favor by calling and settling at once, either by cash or note.

J. P. BABER.

Pickles, you can get them at

BIRD'S

Kingan Hams, are the best at

BIRD'S

Fish at

GRAY'S.

Try the New Coffee Scheme at

W. R. McMillan's.

Spectacles all styles and sizes at

RIDGWAY'S.

We have just received a car load of Washington State red cedar shingles

S. K. Mitchell & Co.

Leather and Cotton Fly Nets, horse covers and sheats at rock bottom

prices at

C. L. CHAIN'S

Snow Flake Hosiery at

W. R. McMillan's.

J. E. Nagley, is now prepared to do all kinds of Cabinet work, also picture framing at very reasonable rates

Give him a call.

The finest line of carriage Sponges

ever in town at

RIDGWAY'S PHARMACY.

J. L. Ginn, Jamestown O. has got the most complete lumber yard in southern Ohio. Farm gates \$2.00; water troughs 30 cents per foot; ladders 10 cents per foot; hay ladders \$8.00 complete.

Spectacles at

RIDGWAY'S

Honey at

GRAY'S

LEGAL NOTICE.

Mrs. Anna Carrill whose place of residence is unknown, will take notice that on the 7th day of July A. D. 1890, in the Common Pleas Court of Greene county Ohio, where the action is now pending, being case No. 799, the undersigned Charles T. Carrill filed his petition praying for a divorce from her, alleging her with cruelty and gross neglect of duty. The said Anna Carrill is required to answer the petition in said action not later than 15 days after the 19th day of July A. D. 1890, the date of the first publication of this notice.

CHARLES T. CARRILL.

HAMILTON SMITH, ATT'Y for Plaintiff.

Is Consumption Incurable?

Read the following: "Was down with disease of lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable consumptive. Begun taking Dr. King's new discovery for consumption, and now in my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made." Jesse Middleton, Dayton, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's new discovery for consumption I would have died of lung trouble. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at B. G. Ridgway's drug store. (5)

NOTICE.

Having determined that our stock of

CLOTHING

Must be sold in order to make room for Fall Goods, we have decided to give every purchaser of a suit of cloth (no matter what priced suit you buy) 30 per cent. off. Remember this cut in price applies to suits only, and will continue for two weeks.

In Straw Hats

We will give you 20 per cent. off the coming week as they must positively be sold.

Remember

That all our goods are marked in plain figures and that we are positively offering Clothing at less than cost and if you are in search of Bargains you will do well to call on us. Also recollect that we carry a large stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes, Glass and Queensware, Tinware, Groceries, &c and that we have some grand bargains for you in every line. Come and see us. At

Bird's MAMMOTH STORE.

HUTCHISON and GIBNEY.

HAVE TAKEN TIME BY THE

FORELOCK and not by the FETLOCK

JERSEYS

HEAVY WEIGHT AND LIGHT WEIGHT

NO GARMENTS SO SERVICEABLE

New Stock and Very Low,

Entirely New Stock in French Satteens Select now

Dress Goods!

Black Silks—In all the new weaves, viz: LUXOR, ARMURE, DROPE

ALMA, PON DE SOIE, SURAR-GROS GRINS.

Lustrines will be sold largely.

PLAINS, STRIPES, PLAIDS

Henrietta

In Silk Wool and all Wool CASHMERS. Our all wool 39, in all colors. Come and see us.

Hutchison & Gibney, - - - Xenia, O.

ABSOLUTELY WATER-PROOF



FOR CHEATING HOUSES.

We call attention to the novelty of its construction, it being composed of two sheets of paper with an interposed layer of water-proof putty or asphalt, the whole united under pressure, making a temporary water-proof sheathing for the sides and floors of houses, that will last as long as the building upon which it is applied.

Experience has shown that the cheap paper covering used for sheathing houses do not protect a building for any length of time, but soon become worn and fall to pieces, making the house drafty and damp, these defects can then only be remedied at great expense. A Good Sheathing like the G. E. Building Paper, can be obtained at a trifling cost, and it is a waste of money to use an inferior article.

Put up in rolls 36 inches wide, containing 1,000 square feet.

SAMPLE, CIRCULAR AND PRICES. MICA ROOFING CO., 70 Maiden Lane, NEW YORK.

\$30

PAYS FOR A TERM AT THE

NELSON BUSINESS COLLEGE

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VOL. 1

THE

INDEPENDENT

SATURDAY

W. H. BLAIR

PRICE \$

Mrs. Frank

sick for two

Mrs. Will

number of

Thursday.

A party of

spent Tuesday

this place.

Mrs. K. B.

is visiting her

D. J. Shroader

Mr. and M.

tertained a

dinner last

Misses Elb

Wallace, of

Cedarville.

Mrs. D. J.

in Xenia the

of Spring H

Miss Stell

who has bee

Grace Rand

turned to h

Mrs. Robt

Miss Katie,

home in Mo

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Mr. and

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Post—on

Springfield

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James M

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U. P. Chu

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Revs. W.

Patterson

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